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It was finally July. My legs ached from the three hour car trip but my body quivered with anticipation. It had been a whole year since I had seen Mt Ruapehu. Today I knew it was right there, but it was one of those days when the fog smothers everything. As the car passed the 'Chateau' I knew I was back and there would be a great day of snowboarding. It only took ~~ten~~ minutes from the 'Chateau' for the churft carpark and I couldn't wait. I was so excited.

I had hitched a ride with my friend Hamish and the only downside for the situation was that I had to hang out with a skier for the day not to mention he thought he was better than me. Everyone knows that snowboarding involves more skill than skiing. The air was very stiff up in the mountain. No wind, no rain, but I could only see about ten metres in front of me because of the fog. The fog would probably lift later in the day and I would be roasted alive in my snow jacket.

Although I couldn't see far, it was days like this I yearned for. Days where the mountain had few people on it, days where the only sound you could hear was the soft, sludging noise of the edge of your board cutting through the fine powder. I would not have to wait in any ques for minutes on end. The thought of a whole day of non-stop snowboarding made me want to burst with joy.